



"The Notes, Probably."

The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETNER
COPYRIGHT 1929 BY BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 11 and retains lower 10. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and retires in lower 9. He awakens in lower 7 and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower 10 is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the man who stole his clothes. The train is wrecked and Blakeley is rescued from a burning car by a girl in blue. His arm is broken. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Blakeley returns home and finds he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with his stolen grip. Investigation proves that the man's name is Sullivan. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought a Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing. Blakeley and an amateur detective investigate the home of Sullivan's sister. From a servant Blakeley learns that Alison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan had been attentive to her. Sullivan is the husband of a daughter of the murdered man. Blakeley's house is ransacked by the police. He learns that the affair between Alison and his partner is off. Alison tells Blakeley about the attention paid her by Sullivan, whom she was on her way to marry when the wreck came. It is planned to give Mrs. Conway the forged notes in exchange for Sullivan.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

We crowded out of the elevator at the fourth floor, and found ourselves in a rather theatrical hallway of draperies and armor. It was very quiet; we stood uncertainly after the car had gone, and looked at the two or three doors in sight. They were heavy, covered with metal, and sound proof. From somewhere above came the metallic accuracy of a piano, and through the open window we could hear—or feel—the throb of the Cannonball's engine.

"Well, Sherlock," McKnight said, "what's the next move in the game? It is our jump, or theirs. You brought us here."

None of us knew just what to do next. No sound of conversation penetrated the heavy doors. We waited uneasily for some minutes, and Hotchkiss looked at his watch. Then he put it to his ear.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, his head cocked on one side, "I believe it has stopped. I'm afraid we are late."

We were late. My watch and Hotchkiss' agreed at nine o'clock, and, with the discovery that our man might have come and gone, our zest in the adventure began to flag. McKnight motioned us away from the door and rang the bell. There was no response, no sound within. He rang it twice, the last time long and vigorously, without result. Then he turned and looked at us.

"I don't half like this," he said. "That woman is in; you heard me ask the elevator boy. For two cents I'd—"

I had seen it when he did. The door was ajar about an inch, and a narrow wedge of rose-colored light showed beyond. Then, with both me at my heels, I stepped into the private corridor of the apartment and looked around. It was a square reception hall, with hats, and a couple of chairs. A lantern of rose-colored glass and a desk light over a writing-table across made the room bright and cheerful. It was empty.

None of us were comfortable. The

place was full of feminine trifles that made us feel the weakness of our position. Some such instinct made McKnight suggest division.

"We look like an invading army," he said. "If she's here alone, we will startle her into a spasm. One of us could take a look around and—"

"What was that? Didn't you hear something?"

The sound, whatever it had been, was not repeated. We went awkwardly out into the hall, very uncomfortable, all of us, and flipped a coin. The choice fell on me, which was right enough, for the affair was mine, primarily.

"Wait just inside the door," I directed, "and if Sullivan comes, or anybody that answers his description, grab him without ceremony and ask him questions afterwards."

The apartment, save in the hallway, was unlighted. By one of those freaks of arrangement possible only in the modern flat, I found the kitchen first, and was struck a smart and unexpected blow by a swinging door. I carried a handful of matches, and by the time I had passed through a butler's pantry and a refrigerator room I was completely lost in the darkness. Until then the situation had been merely uncomfortable; suddenly it became grisly. From somewhere near came a long-sustained groan, followed almost instantly by the crash of something—glass or china—on the floor.

I struck a fresh match, and found myself in a narrow rear hallway. Behind me was the door by which I must have come; with a keen desire to get back to the place I had started from, I opened the door and attempted to cross the room. I thought I had kept my sense of direction, but I crashed without warning into what, from the resulting jangle, was the dining table, probably laid for dinner. I cursed my stupidity in getting into such a situation, and I cursed my nerves for making my hand shake when I tried to strike a match. The groan had not been repeated.

I braced myself against the table and struck the match sharply against the sole of my shoe. It flickered faintly and went out. And then, without the slightest warning, another dish went off the table. It fell with a thousand splinterings; the very air seemed broken into crashing waves of sound. I stood still, braced against the table, holding the red end of the dying match, and listened. I had not long to wait; the groan came again, and I recognized it, the cry of a dog in straits. I breathed again.

"Come, old fellow," I said. "Come on, old man. Let's have a look at you."

I could hear the thud of his tail on the floor, but he did not move. He only whimpered. There is something companionable in the presence of a dog, and I fancied this dog in trouble. Slowly I began to work my way around the table toward him.

"Good boy," I said, as he whimpered. "We'll find the light, which ought to be somewhere or other around here, and then—"

I stumbled over something, and I drew back my foot almost instantly. "Did I step on you, old man?" I exclaimed, and bent to pat him. I remember straightening suddenly and

hearing the dog pad softly toward me around the table. I recall even that I had put the matches down and could not find them. Then, with a bursting horror of the room and its contents, of the gibbering dark around me, I turned and made for the door by which I had entered.

I could not find it. I felt along the endless wainscoting, past miles of wall. The dog was beside me, I think, but he was part and parcel now, to my excited mind, with the Thing under the table. And when, after aeons of search, I found a knob and stumbled into the reception hall, I was as nearly in a panic as any man could be.

I was myself again in a second, and by the light from the hall I led the way back to the tragedy I had stumbled on. Bronson still sat at the table, his elbows propped on it, his cigarette still lighted, burning a hole in the cloth. Partly under the table lay Mrs. Conway, face down. The dog stood over her and wagged his tail.

McKnight pointed silently to a large copper ash tray, filled with ashes and charred bits of paper.

"The notes, probably," he said ruefully. "He got them after all, and burned them before her. It was more than she could stand. Stabbed him first and then herself."

Hotchkiss got up and took off his hat. "They are dead," he announced solemnly, and took his note-book out of his hatband.

McKnight and I did the only thing we could think of—drove Hotchkiss and the dog out of the room, and closed and locked the door. "It's a matter for the police," McKnight asserted. "I suppose you've got an officer tied to you somewhere, Lawrence? You usually have."

We left Hotchkiss in charge and went downstairs. It was McKnight who first saw Johnson, leaning against a park railing across the street, and called him over. We told him in a few words what we had found, and he grinned at me cheerfully.

"After awhile, in a few weeks or months, Mr. Blakeley," he said, "when you get tired of monkeying around with the blood-stain and finger-print specialist upstairs, you come to me. I've had that fellow you want under surveillance for ten days!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Finer Details.

At ten minutes before two the following day, Monday, I arrived at my office. I had spent the morning putting my affairs in shape, and in a trip to the stable. The afternoon would see me either a free man or a prisoner for an indefinite length of time, and, in spite of Johnson's promise to produce Sullivan, I was more prepared for the latter than the former.

Blobs was watching for me outside the door, and it was clear that he was in a state of excitement bordering on delirium. He did nothing, however, save to tip me a wink that meant "As man to man, I'm for you." I was too much engrossed either to reprove him or to return the courtesy, but I heard him follow me down the hall to the small room where we kept outgrown law books, typewriter supplies and, incidentally, our wraps. I was wondering vaguely if I would ever hang my hat on its nail again, when the door closed behind me. It shut firmly, without any particular amount of sound, and I was left in the dark. I groped my way to it, irritably, to find it locked on the outside. I shook it frantically, and was rewarded by a sibilant whisper through the keyhole.

"Keep quiet," Blobs was saying huskily. "You're in deadly peril. The police are waiting in your office, three of 'em. I'm goin' to lock the whole bunch in and throw the key out of the window."

"Come back here, you in-p of Satan!" I called furiously, but I could hear him speeding down the corridor, and the slam of the outer office door by which he always announced his presence. And so I stood there in the ridiculous cupboard, hot with the heat of a steaming September day, musty with the smell of old leather bindings, littered with broken overshoes and handleless umbrellas. I was apoplectic with rage one minute, and choked with laughter the next. It seemed an hour before Blobs came back.

He came without haste, strutting with new dignity, and passed outside my prison door.

"Well, I guess that will hold them for a while," he remarked comfortably, and proceeded to turn the key. "I've got 'em fastened up like sardines in a can!" he explained, working with the lock. "Gee whiz! you'd ought to hear 'em!" When he got his breath after the shaking I gave him, he began to sputter. "How'd I know?" he demanded sulkily. "You nearly broke your neck gettin' away the other time. And I haven't got the old key. It's lost."

"Where's it lost?" I demanded, with another gesture toward his coat collar.

"Down the elevator shaft." There was a gleam of indignant satisfaction through his tears of rage and humiliation.

And so, while he hunted the key in the debris at the bottom of the shaft, I quieted his prisoners with the assurance that the lock had slipped, and that they would be free as lords as soon as we could find the janitor with a pass-key. Stuart went down finally and discovered Blobs, with the key in his pocket, telling the engineer how he had tried to save me from arrest and failed. When Stuart came up he was almost cheerful, but Blobs did not appear again that day.

Simultaneous with the finding of the key came Hotchkiss, and we went in together. I shook hands with two men who, with Hotchkiss, made a not

very animated group. The taller one, an oldish man, lean and hard, announced his errand at once.

"A Pittsburgh warrant?" I inquired, unlocking my cigar drawer.

"Yes. Allegheny county has assumed jurisdiction, the exact locality where the crime was committed being in doubt." He seemed to be the spokesman. The other, shorter and rotund, kept an amiable silence. "We hope you will see the wisdom of waiving extradition," he went on. "It will save time."

"I'll come, of course," I agreed. "The sooner the better. But I want you to give me an hour here, gentlemen. I think we can interest you. Have a cigar?"

The lean man took a cigar; the rotund man took three, putting two in his pocket.

"How about the catch of that door?" he inquired jovially. "Any danger of it going off again?" Really, considering the circumstances, they were remarkably cheerful. Hotchkiss, however, was not. He paced the floor uneasily, his hands under his coat-tails. The arrival of McKnight created a diversion; he carried a long package and a corkscrew, and shook hands with the police and opened the bottle with a single gesture.

"I always want something to cheer on these occasions," he said. "Where's the water, Blakeley? Everybody ready?" Then in French he toasted the two detectives.

"To your eternal discomfiture," he said, bowing ceremoniously. "May you go home and never come back! If you take Monsieur Blakeley with you, I hope you choke."

The lean man nodded gravely. "Prosit," he said. But the fat one leaned back and laughed consumedly.

Hotchkiss finished a mental synopsis of his position, and put down his glass. "Gentlemen," he said pompously, "within five minutes the man you want will be here, a murderer caught in a net of evidence so fine that a mosquito could not get through."

The detectives glanced at each other solemnly. Had they not in their possession a sealskin bag containing a wallet and a bit of gold chain, which by putting the crime on me, would leave a gap big enough for Sullivan himself to crawl through?

"Why don't you say your little speech before Johnson brings the other man, Lawrence?" McKnight inquired. "They won't believe you, but it will help them to understand what is coming."

"You understand, of course," the lean man put in gravely, "that what you say may be used against you."

"I'll take the risk," I answered impatiently.

It took some time to tell the story of my worse than useless trip to Pittsburgh, and its sequel. They listened gravely, without interruption.

"Mr. Hotchkiss here," I finished, "believes that the man Sullivan, whom we are momentarily expecting, committed the crime. Mr. McKnight is inclined to implicate Mrs. Conway, who stabbed Bronson and then herself last night. As for myself, I am open to conviction."

"I hope not," said the stout detective quizzically. And then Alison was announced. My impulse to go out and meet her was forestalled by the detectives, who rose when I did. McKnight, therefore, brought her in, and I met her at the door.

"I have put you to a great deal of trouble," I said contritely, when I saw her glance around the room. "I wish I had not—"

"It is only right that I should come," she replied, looking up at me. "I am the unconscious cause of most of it. I am afraid. Mrs. Dallas is going to wait in the outer office."

I presented Hotchkiss and the two detectives, who eyed her with interest. In her pose, her beauty, even in her gown, I fancy she represented a new type to them. They remained standing until she sat down.

"I have brought the necklace," she began, holding out a white-wrapped box, "as you asked me to."

I passed it, unopened, to the detectives. "The necklace from which was broken the fragment you found in the sealskin bag," I explained. "Miss West found it on the floor of the car, near lower ten."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Knowledge of the World.

Everybody but a fool keeps good friends with waiters, for, whether these have any union or not, they are a big-listed brotherhood, and more than once I have seen every waiter in a restaurant, even as a swarm of bees, fall aboard some "bad man," and when he came to in the hospital he would look like Quixote after the swine drovers got through with him. With all their tricks and knowledge of the world, waiters are singularly unspoiled, good-natured and agreeable, and they are full of interesting, often scientific, information. They see a side of humanity that nobody else ever sees, mostly the comedy and peccadillo side. Considering their housed-up condition, it seems remarkable how much they know about what is going on. When not busy they are always enthusiastically engaged in swapping pointers and information, which, in a way, accounts for some of them getting rich in Wall street.

Difference in Laughter.

A good honest laugh at a good honest joke or bit of sarcasm rubs out the gathering wrinkles of care; but an ill-tempered joke, like a poisoned arrow, which makes a wound, and leaves its poison after it is withdrawn.

Laughter a Good Medicine.

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.—Byron.

THE KINGDOM DIVIDED

Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 1, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—I Kings 12:1-24. Memory verses, 12, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."—Prov. 13:20.

TIME.—The time of Solomon's death and the division of the Kingdom, B. C. 922.

PLACE.—Rehoboam's capital was at Jerusalem. The Disruption occurred at Shechem, which was the first capital of the northern kingdom, and the metropolis of Ephraim. It was 30 miles directly north of Jerusalem, between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. Here were located incidents in the lives of Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, and Joshua. Close by, doubtless as a part of the larger town, were Jacob's well and Sychar where Jesus talked with the Samaritan woman. And there is now the seat of the Samaritans, the smallest religious sect in the world.

This lesson covers the story of Rehoboam, and how he lost a kingdom. It is the story of a reckless, untrained, conceited young man, and his coming into the real business of his life. He was the heir to a throne, and his name means "Enlarger of the people," expressing the hope of his father for his son. The son disappointed these hopes, and became the "Diminisher of his people." Alas for such boys today!

His father was Solomon. His mother Naamah, a young heathen princess of the kingdom of Ammon on the border of the desert east of the Jordan. She was one of many wives of Solomon.

Rehoboam seems to have been the natural heir to the throne. Judah accepted him. But as in the case of Saul, David and Solomon, at least in Jerusalem, the people had a voice in the selection of their king. Accordingly the tribes were summoned to meet at the old northern capital, Shechem, to confirm the successor of Solomon. The northern tribes were determined to obtain a charter of rights that would relieve them from their burdens, as the price of their submission. For Solomon had forced them to give their unpaid labor upon his great buildings, and these free and independent Ephraimites were reminded of their ancestors' slavery in Egypt. They were shrewd enough to send for their brilliant sympathizer, Jeroboam, whom Solomon had banished to Egypt. They were ready to enforce their just demands.

Rehoboam, apparently attended by a small force goes to confer with them. Jeroboam is their spokesman. Rehoboam answered the people roughly. One of the most foolish things he could do. "Rough words do one of two things, they wound or they madden."

And Israel saw that the king hearkened not. Josephus says that "they were struck by his words as by an iron rod." What portion have we in David? What have we of the northern tribes to do with David's son, Rehoboam, or David's tribe, Judah? To your tents, O Israel. Back to your homes and prepare for war.

Every young man has a kingdom in his own soul. He may throw it away—half of it or all of it, in the same way Rehoboam did, foolishly following his headstrong will. Or, he may take the advice of wise men and the Bible, and become monarch of all the royal possibilities God has placed in his life.

One's character, already formed, is a powerful factor in all emergencies of choice and decision. There is no time to prepare a new character. Rehoboam had formed the habit of taking bad advice when it fitted his inclination, and so he took it at his life's crisis.

On his return to Jerusalem Rehoboam assembled an army of 180,000 men to compel the seceding tribes to return. But a prophet forbade the movement in the name of the Lord. Rehoboam's goodness was but the early cloud and the morning dew. As soon as he was firmly established, he returned to his old ways, and "forgot the law of the Lord." The deterioration of his character and his kingdom was symbolized by the change from the shields of gold which Solomon had made for his palace armory, but which Shishak took away, and which Rehoboam replaced by shields of brass.

This deterioration continued two years, when God used another instrumentality for making Rehoboam good. In his fifth year Shishak, the Pharaoh of Egypt, came up with 1,200 chariots, 60,000 horsemen, and an uncounted number of common soldiers. They captured the city of Judah, devastated the country, and carried away the treasures Solomon had stored in the temple and in his palace, and the golden shields in his armory. Shishak left an inscription on the walls of Karnak in Egypt giving an account of this invasion. The prophet Shemlah interpreted the meaning of this calamity; and king and princes humbled themselves, confessed their sins, and promised to do better.

The Lord therefore delivered them. Rehoboam continued to reign; and though his kingdom was not destroyed, yet it was far from what it might have been, for "he did evil, because he prepared not his heart to seek the Lord."

God's principles are everlasting, but the forms of their application vary with every variation of circumstance.

As patriots, what is there in our country, that we wish to have go down the ages as a blessing? and what is there that we should give our whole soul to changing or blotting out?

ONE REDEEMING FEATURE

When Papa Hears It He Urges Only Son to Grab Girl Quick.

The only son had just announced to the family his engagement. "What, that girl?" remarked his mother. "Why, she squints." "She has absolutely no style," commented his sister. "Red-headed, isn't she?" asked auntie.

"I'm afraid she's flighty," was grand-ma's opinion.

"She hasn't any money," said uncle. "And she doesn't look strong," chimed in the first cousin.

"She's stuck up, in my opinion," assented the second cousin.

"She's extravagant," was the opinion given by the third cousin.

"Well, she's got one redeeming feature, at any rate," remarked the only son, thoughtfully.

"What's that?" chorused the charitable band.

"She hasn't a relative on earth." Papa had not yet spoken, but now he did.

"Grab her, my boy, grab her," he said.

He Won.

Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor of Tennessee was once entertaining a northern guest, who was rather skeptical about the prevailing dialect in stories of southern negroes. He thought it over-drawn. To disprove the contention, Mr. Taylor laughingly made a wager with his guest that the northerner would be unable to interpret the language of the first negro they met. Accordingly, they set out and presently came upon a black man basking indolently in the sun. Telling his friend to pay close heed, Mr. Taylor stepped up to the negro and demanded, suddenly:

"Web he?"

The negro blinked his eyes stolidly, and then answered in a guttural voice:

Wah who?—Everybody's.

Precaution.

The family were fabulously wealthy, yet here was their baby being born with a plated spoon in its mouth. How came that about? The young parents, observing our perplexity, led us aside. "The silver spoon is kept in the safety vault and a cheap substitute is used in its stead. One is never sure of one's servants these days," they explained in a confidential whisper.—Puck.

Civilization.

Missionary.—You claim to be civilized, and yet I find you torturing your captives.

Native.—Pardon, but we do not call this torturing now. We are merely hazing him.

COLDS Cured in One Day



"I regard my cold cure as being better than a Life Insurance Policy."

MUNYON.

As a rule a few doses of Munyon's Cold Cure will break up any cold and prevent pneumonia. It relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantly. These little sugar pellets can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket for use at any time or anywhere. Price 25 cents at any drugstore.

If you need Medical Advice write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and give you advice by mail absolutely free. Address Prof. Munyon, 53d and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

LAZY LIVER

"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Baxinet, Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Tastes Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripes. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Tutt's Pills

enable the dyspeptic to eat whatever he wishes. They cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give appetite, and DEVELOP FLESH.

Dr. Tutt Manufacturing Co. New York.

MAKE MORE MONEY

Than you ever dreamed possible decorating china, burnt-wood, metal, pillow-tops, etc., in colors from photographs. Men successful as women. Learned at once; no talent required. Takes like wildfire everywhere. Send stamp quick for particulars. C. M. VALLANCE COMPANY, Elkhart, Ind.

GRANULATED LIDS cured. No knife or burning. No cure, no pay. Infirmary, 1000 Broadway, N. Y. Dr. W. W. Taylor, N. Y., formerly in St. Louis. Write for book free.

+PISO'S+ THE BEST MEDICINE

for COUGHS & COLDS